

THE

1884
S O T.

or Squire Badger.

A

B U R L E T T A,

IN TWO PARTS.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET.

ALTERED FROM FIELDING.

— K
THE MUSIC COMPOSED

By Dr. A R N E.

L O N D O N,

PRINTED FOR COX AND BIGG, NEWTON'S HEAD, NEAR
SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND.

MDCCCLXXV.

THE Proprietors of this Pamphlet have entered it in the Hall-Book of the Company of Stationers; and whoever pirates it, or any Part of it, will be prosecuted with the utmost Severity of the Law.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Characters and Design of this Piece are taken from a Ballad Opera, written by Henry Fielding, Esq.

Some of the Songs are likewise written by that celebrated Author; but many others, with the Quintetto and Chorus necessarily added, and the Measure of the Dialect is obliged to be changed throughout, on account of its being delivered in Recitative.

Dr. Arne is sensible of the Disadvantage attending all Dramatic Performances, deprived of their greatest Ornaments, viz.—Action, Characteristic, Dress and Scenes; but a restrictive Act of Parliament, (intended chiefly to prevent strolling Vagabonds from infesting the Town with their paltry Attempts; but no way meant to suppress native Genius, when displayed by Persons of undoubted Establishment and Reputation) has unfortunately prevented the Dr. from displaying his Productions in the most advantageous Manner, he humbly hopes (supposing it was difficult to draw a Line between the two Extremes) that the Public, ever favourable and indulgent, will, as in ORATORIOS, by the Assistance of printed Books, supply with their ever fertile Imagination, this unavoidable deficiency, which, as now, will hereafter give him fair Opportunities to exert his best Endeavours towards the Entertainment of his gracious Patrons, without infringing the Interdicts of the said Act.

C H A.

CHARACTERS.

Sir Thomas Loveland, Father to Clarinda.

'Squire Savage.

Fairlove, first promised by Sir Thomas to marry
Clarinda, but afterwards rejected for 'Squire
Savage on account of his superior Fortune.

Clarinda, Daughter to Sir Thomas Loveland,
enamoured of Fairlove.

Pert, Chambermaid and Confidante of Clarinda.

Landlord of an Inn, a Kind of Mute, as in Ita-
lian Burletta's of few Characters.

By New Performers.

Scene, the principal Inn of a Borough.

'SQUIRE SAVAGE.

PART THE FIRST.

*A bell rings, and a Waiter is heard at a distance,
crying, Cham coming—Score a botte of Negus
in the Griffin.*

CLARINDA. PERT.

CLARINDA.

A PRETTY whim of my kind father's,
To mew me in a scurvy inn,
While all his voters poll at the election!

PERT.

True Ma'am; yet this is better than a prison;
Such was your father's house:
Locks, bolts, and bars made it a dreadful scene.
These watchful parents—

B.

CLAR.

CLARINDA.

Are the soonest baffled :
 Sir Thomas little thinks I've wrote to Fairlove,
 Who soon will free me from an odious match
 With that detested wretch, that fool, 'Squire
 Savage.

PERT.

But fools have fortune,—that's your father's idol.

CLARINDA.

Well, Mr. Fairlove has, in annual rents,
 A thousand pounds fair income.

PERT.

Very true :
 But well you know 'Squire Savage trebles that.

CLARINDA.

Ah ! can Sir Thomas, thro' a sordid view,
 Retract his previous word given to Fairlove,
 And sacrifice his child for dirty acres,

PERT:

La, Miss, you're but a lot put up by auction :
 [Laughs.
 'Tis, Who bids most, and then down goes the
 hammer.

CLARINDA.

Ah cruel Fairlove ! why so long away ?

A I R.

O hasten my lover dear Cupid,
 Bring hither the youth I admire ;
 The wretch is too lazy and stupid,
 Who leaves me but time to desire.

Let

Let prudes leave their lovers in anguish,
Coquets trifle passion away;
But why shou'd the virgin e'er languish,
Who meets her true lover half way.

P E R T.

Right Ma'am, and was I you —

C L A R I N D A.

Prithee what then ?

P E R T.

Before a week I'd well requite him,
And wed the 'Squire——

C L A R I N D A.

For what ?

P E R T.

To spite him;
He soon shou'd know he had not got a baby;
Let him be Lord—but faith I'd be my Lady.

A I R.

Whene'er a woman's glowing fire,
Out-burns her lover's faint desire,
And Madam's in a pet;
Th' infusion of a female spirit,
Rouses at once his drooping merit;
'Tis brandy to Sherbet.

B 2

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

To them FAIR LOVE in a Riding Dress.

FAIR LOVE.

My Clarinda!

CLARINDA.

O, Mr. Fairlove! what cou'd detain you thus?

FAIR LOVE.

Caution my love!—No sooner I dismounted,
Then up came Savage with the red-fac'd landlord,
And whisp'ring John, ask'd him my name and
quality:

The arch rogue well knows the 'Squire, and
being besides

A perfect master in the art of bamming,—
Wounds Sir! said he, know you not this great
Lord?

A Lord! said Savage?—Yes, Sir, replied the
fellow,

This is Lord Slang of Slango-Hall, in Slangshire.

CLARINDA and PERT.

Ha! ha! ha!

CLARINDA.

Well, but what followed?

FAIR LOVE.

Strait came the 'Squire, with rev'rence hat in
hand;

My

My Lord, your humble Servant—Sir! said I,—
John wink'd, and archly grin'd, at sight of which
I bent my thoughts to carry on the jest:
The 'Squire then press'd me hard to take a glass;
Nay, haul'd me to the parlour, where I sat,
Ready to split with laughter; then I 'rose,
Made my excuse, and ——

S A V A G E without.

Hiddo, my Lord! Hiddo!

F A I R L O V E.

'Sdeath! he's upon the stairs.

C L A R I N D A.

Run quickly; stop him, or we're all undone.

F A I R L O V E.

Fear not, my love.

[Runs out.]

C L A R I N D A.

Confound the blockhead—how my poor heart
beats!

A I R.

Ah, Pert! what naughty tricks
My tim'rous heart betray;
With treble speed it tick, tick, ticks,
While Fairlove is away.

Cease, busy, fool, this fond alarm;
The youth ador'd is near:
He comes, he comes, with ev'ry charm,
To calm thy needless fear.

To

14 'SQUIRE SAVAGE.

To them FAIR LOVE.

I have dispatch'd him; but on this condition,
That I soon join him and the gouty landlord!
He's now half drunk, and swears if I shou'd fail,
He'll follow me, and rout me from my quarters.

CLARINDA.

O heav'n forbid!—away; prevent that mischief:
We'll take a view of the town till you return.

FAIR LOVE.

Thy lovely image will my soul possess,
Till I review my source of happiness.

D U E T T O.

FAIR LOVE. CLARINDA.

FAIR LOVE.

Thus the merchant sails, to measure
Dreadful leagues along the main;
But return'd, he hugs his treasure,
On past toils
Gayly smiles,
Well repaid for all his pain.

CLARINDA.

Thus the nymph, by dream affrighted,
Whom her lover's death alarms,
Wakes, for grief and tears requited,
Madly blest,
When carest,
In his fond encircling arms.

SCENE III. A Parlour in the Inn.

*A Table, Bottle and Glasses, a Silver Tankard,
Pipes and Tobacco.*

'SQUIRE SAVAGE. LANDLORD, Smoaking.

S A V A G E.

By the blood of the Savages I shall lose all
patience

If my Lord stays much longer.

F A I R L O V E.

See 'Squire, I have kept my promise.

S A V A G E.

That's it, honey, O that's it. [*bawling in a*
My dear Lord Slang sit down, *hunting strain*]
Here's a rare Tankard of October;
Kiss it, my Lord! oddsbud, its lips are sweeter
Than any wench's in all christendom.

F A I R L O V E.

What! Sweeter than Clarinda's?

S A V A G E. [*Laughing*]

Psha, hers! Waunds she's to be my wife:

F A I R L O V E.

Indeed!

But what of that?

S A V A G E.

Why then, if both her lips were currant jellies,
The

16 'SQUIRE SAVAGE.

The name of wife wou'd make them taste of gall.

FAIRLOVE and LANDLORD.

Ha! ha! ha!

LANDLORD.

The 'Squire will have his joke.

SAVAGE.

Ay, that he will, my boy,
And roar and rant, get drunk, and play the devil.
Come drink about, my Lord. [*offering the tankard*
Now I have swill'd two tankards of October,
I'm cock'd and prim'd for claret—Hollo, land-
lord. [*jogging him*]
Wounds he's asleep, I'll rouse him with a song.

A I R. (*with the glass in his hand.*)

The Doctor is feed for a dangerous draught,
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a score;
Of all the best drugs the Dispensaries taught,
'Twere well cou'd each cure one disease, and
no more;

But here's the juice,
Of sov'reign use,
'Twill cure your distempers, whatever they be;
In body, or spirit,
Wherever you bear it,
Take down a large dose it will soon set you free.

FAIRLOVE.

FAIR LOVE.

Bravo, bravissimo, 'Squire!

LANDLORD.

An excellent song in faith.

SAVAGE.

A dose for the faculty, ha, ha, ha.

I sent it in a frank, as a present
To the college of physicians.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

SAVAGE.

Prithee, landlord, is my huntsman
Come yet with the hounds?

LANDLORD.

O yes, your honour, they are in the yard.

SAVAGE.

There's a pack of beagles,
Shall scent, trail, and run
With any in the county.

Give us a merry song, my Lord,
And then we'll step and see 'em.

FAIR LOVE.

A I R.

The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,

C

The

The huntsman winds his horn :

And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws

Her arms, to make him stay ;

My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows ;

You will not hunt to-day.

But a hunting we will go.

Away he flies, to 'scape the rout,

Their steeds all spur and switch ;

Some are thrown in and some thrown out,

And some thrown in a ditch.

Yet a hunting we will go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,

Poor Renard ceases flight ;

Then hungry, homeward we return,

To feast away the night.

Then a drinking we will go.

S A V A G E.

Chibo Io ! Come along, my Lord ! Hidde !

Hoax him there !

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

PART THE SECOND.

SCENE I. Garden.

FAIRLOVE, CLARINDA, PERT.

CLARINDA.

BUT are you sure your Rival will not follow?

FAIRLOVE.

O 'tis impossible that any man
So drunk, shou'd move, 'till sleep restore his feet;

CLARINDA.

Poor wretch! I pity him.

PERT.

The devil pity him for me!
A nasty filthy beast,
Savage by name, Savage by nature too.

C 2

AIR.

A I R.

Had I such a looby,
 I'd worry the booby,
 And make him a jest, a convenience, a tool;
 For some pretty fellow,
 I'd leave him when mellow,
 And so horn his head—he shou'd butt with
 a bull.

FAIR LOVE.

But here, my love, we waste the precious time,
 That fortune gives for flight;
 Sir Thomas may return and intercept us.
 I'll order the post chaise.

CLARINDA.

A chilling fear damps every resolution!
 I tremble at th' event.

FAIR LOVE.

Unkind Clarinda!
 Fear implies doubts, Ah can you doubt my love!

A I R.

As the waves of servile ocean,
 By the Moon's direction roll,
 And the needle steers its motion,
 To the steel attracting pole;

Thus

Thus, by instinct, I obey thee,
Nothing can thy power controul;
Nature meant that Form to sway me,
'Tis a Magnet to my soul.

P E R T.

Very pretty indeed;
But while this fiddle faddle stuff is talking,
In comes the knight, and with a wolfish paw,
Tears from the shepherd's arms his favourite
lamb.

F A I R L O V E..

Death to my hopes!—I fly to get all ready.

CLARINDA. Sooping him.

Hold, not so fast;—My father must attend
His friendly voters, at their gen'ral feast;
No danger threatens yet.

F A I R L O V E.

Needless delay,
Ah! must I live to doubt Clarinda's truth!
Be kind—suppress my fear—Are you resolv'd?

C L A R I N D A.

I know not what to do.

P E R T.

Then tell her, Sir;
You men are vastly fond of teaching young
one's.

A I R.

A I R.

Sweet's the artless maid,
 Of man's deceit afraid,
 Shuning the snare, and dreading to be caught;
 Birds, by nature shy,
 Tho' from the net they fly,
 Are by soft means to compliance brought.
 Girls, too forward grown,
 Sooner love will own;
 But when obtain'd—are not worth a groat.
 Sweets the little maid, &c.

M O B without.

Huzza! Sir Thomas huzza! A Loveland for
 ever, huzza!

F A I R L O V E.

Your father is elected.

C L A R I N D A.

Away then, swift as thought,
 Order the horses to be in readiness;
 But take good heed Sir Thomas see you not.
 We'll wait 'till he is settled at his dinner,
 Then take our flight—E'en as you've won me
 wear me. *(giving her hand.)*

F A I R L O V E.

The spices of Arabia breathe from your lips.
 Adieu till I return. *(kissing it)*

SCENE II.

CLARINDA. PERT.

CLARINDA.

Now tell me Pert—
Isn't he a charming creature?

PERT.
The man is well enough.

CLARINDA.
How now, Saucebox!

PERT.
O then you mean that I should fall in love with
him.

CLARINDA.
Still more impertinent.

PERT.
Come be compos'd, I said it but to teaze you.
He's an Adonis.

CLARINDA.
Then his virtuous mind—
PERT.

Yes, and mine too.—
CLARINDA.
Thine, Prate-apace?

PERT.

24 'SQUIRE SAVAGE.

P E R T.

Certainly, Ma'am, for were I Minx or Flirt,
And he shou'd press me strongly—Ah poor Pert !

C L A R I N D A.

You make amends.

A I R.

No more shall stern jailors environ,
When close from my lover confin'd ;
Tho' limbs may be fetter'd with iron,
No shackles can chain up the mind.

Thus caught the poor dove may sit moaping ;
Yet hopes of her freedom arise,
And soon as the casement is open,
Away to her turtle she flies.

S C E N E III. A Parlour in the Inn.

SQUIRE SAVAGE Drunk. LANDLORD

S A V A E. Stretching, as just awake.

Come, drink about—Wounds where's my Lord
Slang?—r—un Landlord;—r—un and
fetch him !

LANDLORD.

LANDLORD.

Yes, and please your honour. (*going slowly*)

SAVAGE.

Rot your go-go-gouty millpofts, make hafte!

LANDLORD.

Patience!—don't you fee me go,
Like an arrow from a bow? (*limping out*)

SAVAGE.

Ha! ha! ha! drunk as a piper—ha! ha! ha!
I've done for him.

To him Sir THOMAS LOVELAND.

Dear Mr. Savage, yours!
Now wifh me joy; for I have gain'd my election.

SAVAGE Stupidly

Joy? gain'd your election? blood and thunder?
(*angrily*)

Where's my Lord Slang?

Sir THOMAS.

Lord Slang! Who the devil is he?

SAVAGE.

Waunds! don't you know Lord Slang,
Of Slango Caftle, in Slangfhire?
The merriest fellow, ha, ha, ha,

D

The

The comicallest dog ! ha, ha, ha—
Landlord is gone to fetch him :
You'll split your sides with laughing, ha, ha, ha.

Sir THOMAS.

But I've no leifure now ;
There's merely time to bring you to my daughter,
Ere we must join my freeholders at dinner.

SAVAGE.

That's right, old boy ;
My belly's a freeholder—it holds a-most a
firkin,
And g-ives its vote for dinner.

A I R.

Confound your elections,
And party projections ;
I care not who's right, or who's wrong ;
The devil be winner,
So I've a good dinner,
My bottle, my jest, and my song ;
Then tow, row, tantararara boys ;
I'll watch ev'ry glass,
Not a health shall you pass ;
The highest of fun is to hunt an old fox.

Sir THOMAS.

Sir THOMAS.

This filthy beast will baffle all my projects. (*aside*)
Come, 'Squire, your arm,
I'll lead you to my daughter.

SAVAGE.

Aye, co-co-come along—Were she the devil
I'd f-ace her.

Sir THOMAS.

Fye, fye for shame, Sir! you forgot respect.

SAVAGE.

O, you're a Knight, and I am but a 'Squire;
No matter;—I have three thousaud pounds
a year,

So

Rot your quality;
Mirth and jollity
Crown a Country 'Squire.

(*reeling off as he sings*)

D 2

SCENE

SCENE III. Clarinda's Room in the Inn.

CLARINDA. PERT.

CLARINDA.

Bustle, bustle my girl!
Is the trunk fasten'd to the chaise?

PERT.

Yes, Ma'am.

CLARINDA.

My jewel box, quick, quick!

PERT.

Here Ma'am. *(fetches and gives it)*

To them FAIR LOVE.

O heav'n, Clarinda! where, where shall I
hide?

I ran up here, or must have met full-butt
Your father and the 'Squire—They're at my
heels.

CLARINDA.

Then we're undone.

PERT

P E R T.

Here, here into this closet!

(he runs in, she shuts the door)

S C E N E the last.

To them Sir THOMAS LOVELAND. 'SQUIRE SAVAGE.

Sir T H O M A S.

Well, my sweet girl, I'm at last elected:

C L A R I N D A.

Joy, joy to my father!

Sir T H O M A S.

Thank, you child!—But Mr. Savage!
Methinks my daughter stands a useless cypher.

A I R.

For shame, Sir, make up to my girl,
How can you e'en hope to prevail,
And see a maid fit for an Earl
Stand there like a filley at sale.

Your

30 'S Q U I R E S A V A G E.

Your jockeying arts you may spare,
Speak out! will you have her or not?
Such beauty and merit so rare,
Are vastly too good for a Sot.

S A V A G E.

That's your mistake; old Catch-penny;
Clary's a fine wench, split me—
I must have a smack at her sweet lips.
(reels up to her, and roughly attempts to kiss her)

Q U I N T E T T O.

C L A R I N D A.

Hold! Stand off, stand off thou filthy creature!

P E R T.

Thou brute, thou savage, thus thus d'you
treat her!

Sir T H O M A S.

No respect, no respect, no manners, fye!
'Tis my daughter.

S A V A G E.

What care I?

Yet, yet I'll have a smack. *(as before)*

C L A R I N D A.

CLARINDA.

Save me, Sir! *(running to her father)*

PERT.

I'll keep him back. *(lays hold of him)*

Sir THOMAS.

Pray friend, Savage, think you this
The way to win my daughter? *(goes calmly to him.)*

SAVAGE.

Yes.

PERT.

Uh, filthy beast! *(aside to Cla.)* he scarce can
stand. *(Savage goes to take Clarinda's hand.)*

CLARINDA.

I'll perish, ere I'll yield my hand.

SAVAGE.

Wounds! what's the matter?

Sir THOMAS.

Fye! you're drunk.

SAVAGE.

You're an old fool, and she's a punk.

To them FAIRLOVE from the Closet enraged.

Rascal! Villain! one word more, *(collars him)*
I'll lay you sprawling on the floor.

Sir THOMAS.

Confusion! Fairlove!

SAVAGE.

Fairlove! psha, this is Lord Slang. [*to Sir Tho.*
What means your Lordship? [*bullying Fairlove*

FAIRLOVE.

Fool go hang.

Sir THOMAS.

Is this well done? [*to Fairlove*

FAIRLOVE.

Yes, faithless Knight;
Your promise gave me here a right.

[*Pointing to Cla.*

Can you this beauty sacrifice
To such a wretch!—for shame, be wise!
A Turk to such a brutal knave
Wou'd hardly wed a christian slave.

SAVAGE.

Blood, Sir, I'll have satisfaction.

[*To Fair. bullying.*

FAIRLOVE.

Take it (*gives him a box on the ear*) now come
out to action!

(*Clarinda holds Fair. and Pert holds Savage.*

AIR

AIR in Dialogue and Duetto.

CLARINDA.

Hold, my love!

FAIR LOVE.

Sweet let me go!

CLARINDA.

My life, my all!

FAIR LOVE.

Release me!

CLARINDA.

No.

Let the voice of love assuage!

FAIR LOVE.

Melting love dissolves my rage.

A I R.

S A V A G E.

Hark you, Knight? I'm corrected, and now I'm
half sober,

I'll swallow th' affront in a draught of October:

'Tis wise to take shelter, when fous'd by the
weather;

So you and your crew may be hang'd all toge-
ther. *(reels out.)*

E

CL A-

CLARINDA.

A beastly entrance, and a beastly exit.

Sir THOMAS.

Fairlove! I promis'd you my child;

But avarice my wits beguil'd.

Can you forgive? (*taking his hand*) If so, e'en
take her, (*gives her to him*)

And be as happy as you'll make her.

FAIRLOVE.

No earthly gifts can raise my joys above

Your honour thus redeem'd,

And fair Clarinda's love.

CLARINDA.

Thus after storms and dangers past,

The wretched find a Port at last.

AIR and CHORUS.

Sir THOMAS.

Ye parents, who have daughters got,

Make this a golden rule—

Ne'er wed them to a drunken sot,

Nor to a knave or fool;

That they may sing most cheerily,

When you their station fix,

And all the bells ring merrily,

One two three four five six.

I

FAIR-

FAIR LOVE.

The sot will tripple day and night,
And then go home to bed,
The fool will grin, the knave will bite,
Your gold will turn to lead:
Then daughters sing not cheerily,
When you their station fix,
Nor ring the bells out merrily,
One two three four five six.

P E R T.

For me, a little saucy puss,
Not born to bite my thumbs,
About a man I'll make no fufs;
But take the first that comes:
With him I'll sing most cheerily,
When I my station fix,
The bells shall then ring merrily,
One two three four five six,

C L A R I N D A.

My father chose a beastly youth,
In sordid view of pelf,
So I found one with sense and truth,
And cater'd for myself.
Now, now we'll sing most cheerily;
I'll never play him tricks,
Then ring the bells out merrily,
One two three four five six.

F I N I S.